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finely moulded and carved, and is covered by a very elegant and rich canopy. The chancel, we believe, is to be lined with a row of canopies running around it, which will greatly improve its present somewhat naked appearance. The stall-ends and chancel rail are quaint in design. The altar is of Caen stone, and is the gem of the church. It consists simply of an arcade of seven bays on each side, and three on each end; surrounding a central die, and supporting a shelf with moulded edges. The capitals of the shafts are exquisite, being very delicately undercut. The arches are cusped and moulded, and the spandrels filled with beautiful arabesques. The altar will bear a little coloring, but it must be very carefully applied to avoid injuring its present nobleness of form.

The gas fixtures in the nave are to be standards, bearing nine lights each. They are adapted, we think, with improvements, from a design by Pugin, and will be very elegant. The chancel will be lighted by lofty standards, bearing twenty-five or thirty lights each, placed behind the jambs of the chancel arch, so as to be invisible to the greater part of the congregation.

We have been thus minute in detailing the features of Trinity Chapel, because we deem it worthy of being carefully studied. The leaf work in particular is deserving of notice, being much superior in spirit and freedom to what we generally meet with.

We would suggest that the building now needs, to make it complete, that the interior walls be diapered, or otherwise decorated in color, and the coloring of the roof retouched, and made more in accordance with the spirit of Early English. The panel in the tympanum of the front door needs sculpture, and the niches of the arcade in south wall, should be filled with statues. We hope to live to see these things accomplished.

#### LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

WHEN an artist paints an historical picture, we suppose naturally that he selects such a subject as is, to his mind, most fraught with the dignity and worth of History. If he aspire to illustrate the past, it is to be expected that he will give his time and labor to such a subject as he considers one of the "beacon moments" of that past. We have a right to demand of him that he shall at least give so much thought to the subject of the picture, and, failing in this, we are justified in considering him only a picture-maker—a *genre* painter at most.

Let us judge the artist not as a mere imitator of externalities, but as a philosopher, a poet, or a creator, as he should in reality be, and if from his own feeling he rise not to that dignity, he will at least do better from being judged by a high standard. There is no dishonor in being measured by the noblest mark, nor in failing to reach it; but rather in not aspiring to the highest that we are capable of reaching by honest, manly effort.

Mr. Leutze has made some bold strokes for the distinction of historical painter, his boldest being the picture recently sent out from Dusseldorf,—an ambitious effort. He has chosen for illustration a passage in the

life of the great American hero, wisely, so far, since all will admit that we cannot be induced to too strong love of him. As to the choice of that passage, however, we have, we think, a little justifiable cavil to offer. The artist has preferred the only case in which Washington was ever known to be in a passion; and this strikes us all the more singularly from the characteristic equanimity of the man being one of his most admirable qualities. What kind of perception of his character Leutze had, we may reasonably infer, then, from the subject of his picture, of which the prominent object is the general galloping into the centre in a most undignified, even unsoldierly temper.

Now we insist that an incident like this is not in the slightest degree heroic, and not calculated by its commemoration to elevate the character of its hero in the minds of his countrymen; it is therefore not a subject which ought to be chosen for a picture. If there was any philosophy in the artist's mind which indicated the contrary, we would much like to know it. We will leave an opening for its demonstration, if thereby the artist can justify his ambition to be considered an historian. It cannot be said that we are too exacting in asking so much thought from an artist, since artists universally demand a place among poets and thinkers, and insist on their essential equality with them.

If, on the other hand, Leutze is willing to give up all pretension to any other consideration than that of a mere painter, we will come down and judge him there. There is one essential fault, again, which meets us at the threshold—the people are not Americans. There are fine studies of individual heads, but they are strikingly German,—as unlike what we should expect a Revolutionary militia to be as could well be. Then see with what excellent regard to the laws of composition, if not to those of war, they huddle in, for all the world like the well-trained supernumeraries of the stage! How gracefully they sweep up into a half circle, of which Washington occupies the centre! Of the rush and confusion of a routed army there is nothing—of the excitement of the battle, or the fear of the pursuers, nothing; no more feeling or passion of any kind than would be shown by a group of boys retreating from the sudden spring of a chained dog. We look in vain for any noble ardor or grand passion—the retreat is the huddle of stupid peasants, not the uncontrollable panic of American men—that panic which will draw the bravest with it in spite of themselves. It is on a par with the anger of their general.

If men must paint war, let them at least think of its noble phases,—of its heroism, its self-sacrifices and fortitude under physical suffering,—something of moral significance which shall redeem its blood-thirstiness. There is nothing of this in Leutze's picture. There are some wounded and dying men, who give us only the ghastliness of death; some men running, evidently because they are afraid of some other men. Some have been hurt, but you might well imagine they had been hurt in a riot. It is altogether rather a theatrical kind of a business—a got-up affair.

Then, even in the lower grades of merit, there cannot much be said for the picture. There are some well-drawn figures, but a

Dusseldorf student ought at least to draw well, and the figures have not all that merit. It seems incomprehensible that Leutze could have drawn a figure like the nearest left-hand one. He can draw well if he will, and therefore deserves the severer reprobation when he does not, since it is evidently because he does not care to.

The Washington is a short, squat, undignified figure, very unsteady in the saddle, and the horse a badly drawn horse. The color is good and bad in passages, but as a whole not harmonious.

If Leutze had never painted good pictures, we might think it unkind to insist on the faults of this; but when some of his earlier and smaller pictures are so good in drawing and color, it proves either that he is deteriorating, or that he has undertaken a subject he is not capable of handling. There is some fine painting of draperies, &c., and some very expressive figures, particularly the officer at the left, who tries to stop his soldiers by digging his heels into the turf, and bracing himself against their rush. We cannot, however, with all the charity possible on the occasion, consider the picture any addition to our Art treasures, or an honor to Mr. Leutze.

#### REMINISCENCES.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—You ask for some recollections from the past experience of my long life. Now, as your new CRAYON is a beginning in young hands, although intended also for older ones, it seems quite *apropos* that I should say something concerning the early condition, in our country, of the Art you mean to illustrate.

It has often happened that the parents of young persons who were desirous of becoming artists, have brought them to me with the most select specimens of their abilities, requesting me to decide whether they possessed the requisite qualifications. The drawings, such as they produced, so common among amateur designers, seldom required much examination; and, in answer to the question of the prudent parent, whether the young draftsman should be encouraged to adopt the profession, I have generally replied, "No—rather throw obstacles in his way: if he can surmount them, he may succeed; for none should become artists but those that cannot help it—this is the test of genius." On one occasion I was much importuned to take the young genius under my charge, the mother assuring me he could be of great service in painting my back-grounds, "as he could absolutely take off the whole broadside of a town, and could draw anything out of his own head!" I have recommended these young geniuses not to draw any thing out of their own heads, until they should learn to draw everything before their eyes, with accuracy and facility if they were determined to learn; and I have willingly directed them how to proceed. On other occasions the young aspirant has eagerly glanced at the portraits around my room, and confidently asked me how long it took me to paint them, and how much I got for them. These I have dismissed, with the advice never to study Painting as the means of making money, but to choose some other trade.

The first collection of Paintings sent to this country, was consigned to a distin-